THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1594.

Choice Poetry.

A LESSON IN ITSELF SUBLIME.

A lesson in itself sublime,
A lesson worth awakening,
In time—I take no heed of time,
Save when the vane is driving:
Those matin words a dial bear,
And wisdom never teaches
To human hearts a better lore
Than the short sermon teaches.

As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Then let's forget its sad and care,
And note its bright hours only.

Watch the joyous moments haste,
And their longer their pleas—
We take the imp of life, and note
No portion but the latter:
But we should teach our hearts to deem
Its sweetest drops the strongest;
And plaintest hours should ever seem
To linger round us longest.

As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Let's forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

The darkest shadows of the night
Are just before the morning;
Then let us wait the coming light,
All healing pharisees scorning,
And while we're pacing on the isle
Of Time's fast ebbing river,
Let's plack the blossoms by its side,
And liken the Gracious Giver.

As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
We should forget its pains and care,
And note its bright hours only.

Original Novelet.

BOLINE:

OR,

MAGNOLIA VALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CAROLINE LEE HENTZ,
AUTHOR OF "LINDA," "HERNA," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"They have entered into a conspiracy against me, to-night," said Mr. Glenmore, when he retired into his chamber and closed the door, "I wonder if they will let me sleep. I suspect even this glazing will haunt my pillow, and cry out, 'Edline, Edline.'"

Poor man! his dim heart kept echoing the same eloquent cry, and he found it impossible to steal armor of his pride, and he tried to double the pomposity and pile up mountains of reflection, but it would be heard, in maudlen and shadowy, by day and by night, that one, sweet, musical name, "Edline, Edline."

In the unusual agitation of his mind, he forgot to extinguish the light, but left it gleaming with the lamp blazing on the table. How long he had slept he knew not, but he awakened with a thrill of horror, at feeling a little cold hand laid on his, and starting up in bed, he saw a small white figure standing by him. "It is but a superstitious eyes dazed immovably on his face.

"Willie," he articulated, "Willie, what are you doing here?"

The child waited not. Its eyes remained fixed as the eyes of the dead. Its cold hand pressed his. Its auburn ringlets hung listless on its cheeks.

"Where is His coming back?" it cried, in a strange, unnatural tone.

For a moment the father trembled with superstitious terror—so pale and still and corpse-like the child looked in the glare of the lamp and moonlight—but he recollected that Willie was a somnambulist, and had frequently startled the family by his nocturnal rambles. Still it was the first time he had ever entered his father's room, first time that the voice of that mysterious sentinel between life and death had ever sounded in his ears—and how he heard the name of Edline issuing from those statue-like lips in the depth of the night, and the loneliness of his apartment, he would have scarcely felt more awe had an inhabitant from the tomb addressed him.

"Willie, my child," cried he, "awake. You must not walk about in your sleep in this manner."

"I'm looking for Ella," replied the boy, fixing his still, star-like eyes on the lamp flame—"is she gone to Heaven?"

"Come to bed, Willie," said his father, stretching out his arms and lifting him into bed by his side. "You shut your eyes and go to sleep. Don't say any thing more."

The child lay still and silent, but he did not close his eyes. Calm, deep and serene as a moon-lit lake, was not a breath of wind agitated its surface, their dark, brown orbs returned the troubled glances bent upon them. He was so cold to the touch, and his cheeks white as snow. His father could not tell whether he were awake or awaking—whether in that awful sleep, which his with chill, shivering sensations those who wake to behold by, or in the full consciousness of being delivered on the spirits, whose pride and selfwill had so lately repelled that young and innocent bird. Thrilled with fear, he pressing into each other's faces, while the long wick of the lamp wavered, and made strange shadows on the wall.

"I cannot bear this any longer," thought Mr. Glenmore, leaving his hand gently over the eyes, so soft in their serene immutability. He felt the cold little clasped with his touch. Could it be the icy limbs grew warm in his embrace, and a calm, uniform breathing stole his mouth into his nostrils.

"I will write to Edline to-morrow," was the father's last, as he fled asleep by his sleeping boy. When he awoke in the morning, Willie was gone. The little somnambulist had stolen back to his couch, unknown to his father and himself; and like the night-visitor of the angel-child, the good resolutions of Mr. Glenmore fled with returning sunshine. Remorse is a pale ghost, and hates the midnight shadow. Pride, a giant, with grasses of brass and spears of iron, disdainfully, under the broad day, walks the aisles of the living God. If night were the time for action, Edline had long since been reconciled, but unanimously her avenging walked in darkness, and in the light the strong man girded their power.

He had hesitated to transmit that day, which led him about twenty miles from home. The sky was clear and cloudless, the sky like red clear, the horse which bore him fleet and spirited as Mr. Glenmore's spirits rose, and the hotel of Glenmore Place seemed to occupy a very conspicuous niche in the temple of the world. The business detained him longer than he anticipated, and he concluded to pass the night with a friend, an old college friend of his, whom he had not met since then. Both parties on commencement day, when, from the threshold of manhood, they had looked out into life and saw nothing but a crowd of ambitious and glorious images. Many years he had seen nothing of this friend, and knew not until lately that he had become a resident of a place so near his own. It was not without emotion that he inquired the way to his dwelling, and asked if Mr. Wilton were at home. He was ushered into a handsome parlor, where he awaited the entrance of his friend.

"This is an awkward position," thought Mr. Glenmore. "I know not what has befallen him during those long years of separation. If I intrude upon the health of his wife, she may, like mine, be sleeping the deep sleep which knows no awakening here. If I ask after his children, he may have none, or they may be dead, or not in still worse, worthless. If he pay me the same compliment, I shall feel something as if I were under the operation of the tourniquet. It is a dangerous thing for friends to meet after the lapse of years, unless the hinges of the heart has been made eloquent during the interval."

While waiting for his friend, he was attracted by a beautiful picture on the wall opposite the mantel-piece. It was that of a female child, part of a shepherdess, with a crook in her hand, and a straw hat, encircled with a garland of roses, on her head. Her eyes were as black and lustrous, her hair as black, waving and redundant, her cheeks as radiant as the roses, and her whole figure so airy and buoyant, so full of youth and grace, that it gave one a joyous sensation to gaze upon it.

"That must be his wife or daughter," thought Mr. Glenmore. "This is a picture of his own Eolline. But Eolline has the beauty of the morning. This resembles the soft, mild night's splendor."

A gentleman entered in whose slender form, thin features, and sallow complexion, he would never have recognized the handsome person of the youthful graduate. The once ruddy hue had given place to a shapelessness, with a crook in her head, and a straw hat, encircled with a garland of roses, on her head. Her eyes were as black and lustrous, her hair as black, waving and redundant, her cheeks as radiant as the roses, and her whole figure so airy and buoyant, so full of youth and grace, that it gave one a joyous sensation to gaze upon it.

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Original Letters.

A PILGRIMAGE TO CANDINAVIA.

NUMBER II.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SWEDEN TYPOGRAPHY—THE PERSON EXCOGITATED ON THE SCENE—HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES—LUCIDUS, THE ADVENTURESMITH, LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

AS I go through the streets of London, I do not chronicle my own experiences—what I see and hear, I only describe as the result of the day—as they not specially and faithfully transcribed in the pages of the newspaper, where they have already become the history of the Age? Growth we know and let us look into the Physiology of London, we can catch glimpses here and there of the life-blood which courses its veins and arteries in the great City. The Industrial Exhibition was planned, projected, and constructed. Now it has passed into a fact of History: but the great work it was designed to accomplish is only in its beginning. Already engravings of mechanical improvements, even of American patents, appear in the newspapers of a provincial town in Germany, and in Copenhagen. There it is quite amusing to mark correspondents who affect directly the condition of the working men, and who are even preaching, the while preaching that is needed, to make permanent any revolution among the people of the Earth. Not only the working people, are truly enlightened to know their real duties and their real rights. That enlightenment comes from such unstinting benevolence, will all revolutions be bloodless, but in a revolution in the coming year, but in the blindness of the actors as to what they really mean to accomplish. Let this state of things be set in operation, and the hands of industry and of intelligence with which the Committee themselves probably combine, will show one Prospectus to some other industrial and responsible power in the world—in fact, it is to be hoped, so broad that the *postage is just the same on a Prospectus, as on the amount and poorest of the small papers.*

Before wishing their patent changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they are to be changed *to*.

We trust our old friends the Postmasters, will not be offended at the new order of things for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer of terror. Some of the greatest statesmen and philosophers of the world, of ancient France have been exiled, for no other reason than the world was not ready for the new ideas, and heart of *hearts*, which the ignorant idolatry of the French people has set up. Of course, the Revolution, instead of being for the thousands—the great majority have been converted in general to monarchy, and to the most dead slaves, and no doubt this benevolent but ill-timed movement, will be postponed to the prosperity of the Republic. We believe that they have become means more or better Christians than we have generally been supposing.

SHAMEFUL.

A year or ten ago we had occasion, in connexion with many of our contemporaries, to condemn Governor Kossuth for his cowardice in not sending some aid to the Hungarians, when they were in need of it. But it seems that he was determined on coming to that country, and he made his public appearance there; and that the Governor expected a large sum of money would be forthcoming, and extensive loans would be built and other improvements made.

FRANCE.

Louis Napoleon has, I fought, promulgated his Constitution. There are four consultative and deliberative bodies, the Ministers, Council of State, Senate, and Legislative body. The ministers are specially all but the last, which is elected by universal suffrage, once in six years. The Senators are appointed for life: the Ministers are appointed by him, and deposed solely and entirely by him, being impeachable only by the Senate, which he appoints. The Council of State is nominated also by the President, and is liable to removal by him. The Legislative body is elected by universal suffrage, but has only simply the power of voting upon such as the President sends to it, or draws up by the Council of State. The Press is free as to books and the press has not the right to publish any of its proceedings, except the laws relating to it recorded by the President of the Assembly.

The second act seems more open to the wise scheme of government as this. A predecessor of the present absolute King of Prussia, once said, "I am his father." Louis Napoleon has not only said but enacted the same thing. There is now but one power in France, that of the President, and it is held in check, so far as it is restricted at all, by the fear of popular outbreak, and the fear of the assassin's dagger. The "London Times" justly defines the new Constitution to be a mixture of the worst principles all popular rights in theory and applicable in practice. Universal suffrage is considered as a mere engine for enforcing the will of a single man. The Senate is a mere council of state, and no check on despotism. The chief feature in the State sea all other dependent on the will of the Prince, is the power of the Senate to annul the Independent authority they may receive from the people, and to alter the constitution of public liberty, which have figured in the French Constitutions, and which have restricted arbitrary government in that country, have now entirely disappeared. The Times says that although it is possible that the prosperity of the past and the balance of the present may win the temporary acquiescence of the people, yet that the absence of liberty and representative government is not as popular as it was before 1848. It does not satisfy the open and shame self restraints which no other power in Europe would submit to, more or less, and which the French people have the obligation.

The change of the future by the past—the era of revolutions is by no means closed in France. As we see in the case of the Duke of Orleans, for Freedom, are equally unfit for Despotism. And this reign of Louis Napoleon, is despotism in its most offensive form, and will be the most short-lived of any of the numerous despotic reigns of terror. Some of the greatest statesmen and philosophers of the world, of ancient France have been exiled, for no other reason than the world was not ready for the new ideas, and heart of *hearts*, which the ignorant idolatry of the French people has set up. Of course, the Revolution, instead of being for the thousands—the great majority have been converted in general to monarchy, and to the most dead slaves, and no doubt this benevolent but ill-timed movement, will be postponed to the prosperity of the Republic. We believe that they have become means more or better Christians than we have generally been supposing.

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THE HUNGARIAN FUND.

The Committee appointed by a public meeting held in the city, to raise funds in aid of the Hungarian refugees, met at the Exchange, and acted in despair. Their efforts, it is said, have been almost entirely confined to the circulation of the public mind on the subject. The subscriptions were "five and he believes," amounted to, in all, to the sum of $1,000. Of this sum $500 was given by Mr. Kennedy upon condition that the Committee themselves probably contributed the remaining portion. That many citizens have had to give away, they have, like Mr. Kennedy, generously preferred to contribute in aid of the poor among us, who have suffered much from the unusual severity of the Winter. In the present state of European affairs, there seems so little prospect of a rising of any extent to the nationalities now oppressed, that the contribution of money is anticipation would be useless, does not appear to have occurred generally to the "other, second thought" of the great mass of our citizens. Kossuth is very popular, generally, and his visit to this country will always succeed a stirring up to enthusiasm, and a consequent flow of the principle of benevolence fish upon ground already occupied by other objects of the opposite doctrine, and it is therefore soon choked out by the old growth, and withers away.

Mr. Kennedy's conduct in the matter is the case—though he does not understand the reasons for it—especially entitled to the highest praise. He has set an example to his fellow citizens, which, if generally followed, would be worthy of the Christian name of a people. He has proved himself a true nobleman. He has set the world a lesson which has been said, that they were not worthy to receive. Surely no reason was wanting. What will *some* people say to *this* who not *self-*ish earth? She is not *self-*ish Heaven? She would not accept her gift, she could not? She wretched dwelling! What am I talking to? I am ill—I must be! It is Illness that makes these fantasies dance! And solitude and uncommunicated thoughts and sorrows have caused the illness! Illness! This is my last lonely night! To-morrow!—and ever after to-morrow, the dreadful To-day! that for all books and all such sickly fancies! To-morrow—and ever after to-morrow. But to-night—I cannot rest at all! I will get up and look at Nettie, sleeping—the innocence of slumbering childhood will dispel the shapes of devils hovering over me! Nettie! *This is the size of the father-shall he existed upon the earth? Sacrificed to the ambition of a man who will* No!—I dare not now! No!—I dare not!"

He dropped upon a chair—shook his head to his forehead—whence the cold sweat stood. He sat there, breathless, while the wind moaned around the house, and the rain was dashed against the windows. He sat there, motionless, until the clock struck one, and then he felt like a knell. He started then—but relapsed, immediately, into statue-like stillness. The hour passed on, while the rain still beat, and the wind still moaned. The candle burned low in its socket—but he did not heed it! He heard nothing the room with a strange brilliancy, and seek—hearing it—acknowledged it not. He heard it! Is fashed and darkened—and flashed and darkened over—but he did not heed it!

The door swung open—but he did not know it! Alice—in her white, shroud white, motionless—pale—but he did not see her—stood at the side of him—gazing paler every instant—the glided towards him, and stood over him, with her face buried in his hands—but he gave no sign of consciousness. She touched pale, and cold with fear, she laid her icy hands upon him, saying, in a voice faint and hollow with wakening emotion—

"Arron, Have come?"

He—sprang, as if shot—his face ashy pale—his countenance aghast—his bristling—eyes starting with horror, as he exclaimed—

"Then nick Nettie Alice! You have taken form at last!—or she—yes!—it must be so—I am mad—RAVE—"

Dashing his hands against his forehead, he through in and out a frenzied manner, and back into his chair.

Astonished—terrified—bewildering, Alice approached again—touched by his side—spoke gently—soothingly—deprecatingly—to him.

But she ceased speaking, his hands dropped from his forehead—his head sank upon his bosom—his body swayed to and fro—and then he fell forward—prostrate—at the feet of his wife!

A succession of violent screams from Alice, brought Doctor Hardcastle rushing in at one door, and Nettie, in her night-gown, flying in at the other.

They gathered around the fallen man. They raised him—set him in his chair.

General Garnet was dead!

* * * * * * *

After that, the wild shrieks of a distracted child, refusing to be comforted, filled the house of Death.

☞ The "sappers" are to have a Convention at Cleveland—the spirits having promised that "should such a Convention be convened, they would be present to give such demonstrations as would put to rest the doubts and objections of the shallowed and unbelieving."

☞ The oldest trees in the world are in Central Africa—the Baobabs, which are ninety feet in circumference, and contain the rings which mark the annual growth of the trees in the number of 5,000. Eating their age at that length of years.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$2, 50 cents paid in advance. For $5 *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, for the next, in addition, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - - - - $5.00 For Advnce.
8 " and one to Agent, or 10 " - - - 10 00 "
13 " and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club, - - $12 00 "
26 " and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club, - - $20 00 "

Additions to Clubs.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add names at any time at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same season as the rest of the Club. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. We do not like to send in subscriptions in such Club, and at size and the same time, and then prevent confusion.

Clubs.—The terms must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured. Current bills of the country will be deducted from the amount.

Postage.—Postage on the Saturday Evening Post, within the State of Pennsylvania, is only one cent for any distance not exceeding three hundred miles, and two cents for any greater distance. Out of the State, the postage is one cent for any distance not exceeding three hundred miles, and two cents for any greater distance. Persons who receive the paper in the State, will be expected to pay the postage according to the above rates.

Postmasters are requested to act as agents for the Saturday Evening Post, and they will be allowed a liberal discount for their services. Any Postmaster who will procure us five subscribers, and forward the money, shall receive the sixth copy gratis.

Postmasters are also authorized to remit money in payment for subscriptions, and to frank the letters containing it. Letters containing remittances, and letters relating to the business of the office, may be sent free of postage.

Postmasters are requested to examine the following list, and if any of their papers are missing, to inform us immediately, that the error may be corrected.

NEW BUDA.

An Iowa correspondent of the Boston Daily Advertiser, who visited the Shakers' settlement at New Buda, writes—that he saw the wife and daughters of Governor Dinsey, ladies of elegant appearance and manners, dressed in the Shaker garb, hoeing corn. On concentrating with them on the subject of religion, they told him they decidedly replied that they had nothing else to depend on but their holiness; and that they were happy in the belief that their holiness was their only hope for salvation. They had given up their husbands and children, and left their elegant home for this purpose; and that they were satisfied with the step they had taken. The correspondent says he was told that Governor Dinsey was a member of the Legislature, and that he was expected to be present at the next session.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage is a matter which requires the utmost caution and circumspection. Many persons are married in haste, and repent at leisure. Many are married in ignorance, and find out their mistake when it is too late to correct it. Many are married for money, and sell themselves for a price. Many are married for love, and find that love is not enough to live upon. Many are married for beauty, and find that beauty is but skin deep. Many are married for fortune, and find that they have spent more than they have got. Many are married for family, and find that they have married into a whole family of trouble. Many are married for passion, and find that passion soon exhausts itself. Many are married for convenience, and find that it is very inconvenient indeed. Many are married for spite, and find that they have only cut off their noses to spite their faces. Many are married for revenge, and find that they have only planted a thorn in their own bosoms. Many are married for fashion, and find that they have only exchanged a certainty of misery for a life of misery. Many are married for pity, and find that pity is akin to love. Many are married for love, and find that love is akin to pity. Many are married for a home, and find that they have only got a house. Many are married for a maintenance, and find that they have only got a burden. Many are married for a helpmate, and find that they have only got a hindrance. Many are married for a companion, and find that they have only got a master. Many are married for a servant, and find that they have only got a tyrant. Many are married for a housekeeper, and find that they have only got a slattern. Many are married for a housekeeper, and find that they have only got a spendthrift. Many are married for a housekeeper, and find that they have only got a miser. Many are married for a housekeeper, and find that they have only got a fool. Many are married for a housekeeper, and find that they have only got a knave. Many are married for a housekeeper, and find that they have only got a devil. Many are married for a housekeeper, and find that they have only got a saint. Many are married for a housekeeper, and find that they have only got a sinner

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Southworth's story of "The Children of the Isle," and Mrs. Lee Hentz's "Eoline; or, Magnolia Vale," we design commencing

VIOLA; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Viola will be a companion novelet to Mr. Bennett's very popular "Prairie Flower," though the interest will be separate and distinct.

Then will come the time for Mr. T. S. Arthur's original novelet—written expressly for the Post—

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

which will be distinguished by the peculiar characteristics of that gentleman's pen.

After all these are gone through, we shall be mistaken if our readers are not again ready for a new work by Mrs. Southworth, entitled

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON:

A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

What will come in the way of fiction after the above, we have not yet determined. We think the novelets mentioned a sufficiently rich bill of fare to commence proceedings upon.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the choicest articles that appear in the English periodicals, together with the Cream of New Works, Original Lectures, General News, &c., &c.,—hesitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of

From Washington.

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General News.

KOSSUTH AND CLAY.

Foreign News.

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" " " six months,	$25.00
" " " a year,	$50.00

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☞ Payment is required in advance.

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Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for the States of Alabama and Tennessee, assisted by *C. F. Lewis, James O. Lewis, and Samuel D. Lewis.*

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WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

A. PEASE collects for us in the New England States, and a portion of the State of New York.

MARIAS B. ANGELL collects for us in New York.

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Of DEXTER & BROTHER, 43 *Ann St., N. York.*
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Of COURTENAY & WIENGES, *Charleston, S. C.*
Of W. ADAM, *Washington, D. C.*
Of ELI ADAMS, *Salem, N. J.*

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

Bad Breath, a Disagreeable Taste in the Mouth, and other unpleasant symptoms, are the result of indigestion. When the food, instead of being properly dissolved, remains in the stomach until it becomes in a manner petrified, a deleterious fluid, called Septic Acid, is generated, which, mixing with the fluid of the mouth, is certain not only to give a bad breath, but is also the true cause of wasting of the gums, a deposit of tartar, and decayed teeth.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills not only cleanse the stomach and bowels of all bilious and putrid humors, and purify the blood, but they also restore the digestive organs to a healthy tone; and are therefore certain to remove a bad breath, and prevent a premature decay of the teeth.

Beware of Counterfeits!—The genuine will be found for sale by agents and dealers in all parts of the United States and Canadas.

Principal Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

ALMANAC.

Feb. 1852.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases.
14 Saturday,	6 46	5 14	10 1	
15 Sunday,	6 45	5 15	10 55	
16 Monday,	6 44	5 16	11 48	
17 Tuesday,	6 42	5 18	12 40	D. H. M.
18 Wedn'day,	6 41	5 19	1 21	Full 5 1 33
19 Thursday,	6 40	5 20	2 1	Last 12 4 42
20 Friday,	6 39	5 21	3 41	New 19 7 34
21 Saturday,	6 37	5 23	7 21	First 28 12 11

Marriages.

Deaths.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Bank Note List.

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CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of

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$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

COATS,	$5 00 TO $16
VESTS,	2 00 " 4
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WE STUDY TO PLEASE. jan14-1y

DAY AND BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, Union Place, Pine St., West of Schuylkill 8th, Philadelphia. Mrs. NEWELL and Sister have superior accommodation for pupils at their large and commodious house, No. 4, UNION PLACE. They have an established School, and promise their patrons that their pupils shall be *thoroughly* taught the various branches of a practical and polite education.

References.—Rt. Rev. A. Potter, D. D., L. L. D., and Rev. J. Parker, D. D., Philadelphia; Hon. W. C. Preston, Columbia, S. C.; Rev. J. M. Wainwright, and W. E. Curtis, Esq., New York; Rev. A. Lord, D. D., Cincinnati, Ohio. feb14-3m*

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY respectfully announce to the citizens of Philadelphia their intention of opening a SERIES of CONCERTS at the SANSOM ST. HALL, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, Feb. 18th. On which occasion they will introduce a VARIEGATED PROGRAMME of their CHOICEST SELECTONS.

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TICKETS to be obtained at the Music Stores. 1t

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☞ The Winter Session for 1852–53, will commence on the 11th October, 1852.

For further information, inquire of
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Philada., Jan. 5, 1852. jan31-4t

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I think its equal has not yet been discovered, nor do I know how a better remedy can be made for the distempers of the Throat and Lungs.

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Washington, Pa., April 12, 1849.

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A Cough and the alarming symptoms of Consumption had reduced me too low to leave me anything like hope, when my physician brought me a bottle of your "Pectoral." It seemed to afford immediate relief, and now in a few weeks time has restored me to sound health.

If it will do for others what it has for me, you are certainly one of the benefactors of mankind.

Sincerely wishing you every blessing, I am
Very respectfully yours,
JOHN J. CLARKE, Rector of St. Peter's Church.

Prepared and sold by JAMES C. AYER,
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dec27-3m ROMIG, LAY & CO.

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HARDWARE JOBBERS,

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Are now receiving their Spring assortment of GOODS to which they invite the attention of Western and Southern purchasers, who, for CASH or CREDIT, can be supplied on the very best terms. dec6-4m

WORLD'S FAIR.—The first and only PRIZE MEDAL for Harness at the World's Fair, in London, was awarded to LACEY & PHILLIPS, of this city, an honor they won over the competition of the whole world.

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They never use but the very best quality of leather, and the best material of every description, and no pains or expense are spared to reach perfection in every article.

They invite purchasers to examine the stock and their establishment before making purchases. They invite attention to the following list of prices:

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Thick Horse Covers	$4.00 to 7.50
Good, Plain, Serviceable, Single Harness	13.00 to 25.00
Do. Fancy do. do. do.	25.50 to 35.00
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☞ Harness Makers would do well to make their purchases of us.

LACEY & PHILLIPS' Saddles and Harness are acknowledged to surpass all others for elegance, lightness and comfort, as well as for real value and wear.

Selected Poetry.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

FROM THE LONDONDERRY JOURNAL.

As hoary age the circle of the year
And the low chant of waves cease o'er the glade,
But never so intense breaks the solitude.
And a more weight on Nature's pulse seems laid.
You moon has seen the death of countless years
From her bleu airy halls in the midnight sky,
And let her dim and pale light down through them
Upon the earth in one unclear die.

Silent and beautiful, she sits alone,
The patroness of the sky, and in her pale
Sweet light a spell of mournful love seems shrined.
Upon the plain, the forest, and the wave;
It is the old year's death-hour, but no sob
Comes on the night-wind from his dying breast;
Serene and calm and still, without one throb
Of agony he passes to his rest.

Yet tears are in our hearts and in our eyes
Mid the strange stillness of this solemn night,
While here we sit and muse upon the fate
The dying year has entered in his flight;
For, as he bent his wrath on the air is flung,
Our hearts are heavy and our eyes are dim
With thinking of the cause that with him sprung
To life—alas! they cannot die with him.

Like the cold shadow of a demon's phase,
A chilling darkness that will not depart
Lies on our thoughts and casts its sullen gloom
Around the dearest idols of the heart.
We hear in youth the snow and bitter love
That comes of ruined hopes and blighted dreams,
And Nature has no magic to restore
The glory of the spring's shadowed gleams.

Cold Year, farewell! Six several flowers that then
Shed blighted sighs in beauty's bosom,
And kneeling millions that have entered in how
In death will go to triumph from the earth.
But this, old year, with thee. Thy life, now fled,
No power of God or Nature will restore.
The graves of years may not give up their dead,
And thou art left, never, nevermore.

Farewell! for ever farewell—well, old year!
The gentle Angel, ministered at thy birth
To keep life's watch-fires through thy sojourn here,
He poised his shining wing and left the Earth;
Oh, may the words of love and mercy fall,
Heaven's own blest music, on each erring soul,
When the last trumpet from the Judge of All
Shall in our eyes sealed the awful scroll!

MATTIE.

Health and Beauty.

HUMAN WARMTH.

[The following extract from an article upon Human Warmth, in a late number of Chambers's Journal of Man," will simply enjoy perusal. We would advise our readers, however, not to be too great a hurry to bathe in ice water. We may mention besides, that bathing daily in cold water, of a much higher temperature than ice-water, during the Winter season, has been thought to be by many who have tried it the most apparent strengthener for a while, but ultimately a severe tax upon the constitutional energies, than in the use of cold water, is now the daily train of numbers, who formerly used to bathe in it every morning.

To the views expressed upon clothing, we would call particular attention. Many of our ills are sometimes in danger of overloading the body with clothing—an habit which in the fashion becomes exercised and weakened. As a general thing, however, we think children are not sufficiently warmly clothed. Especially should

The evolution of heat in man depends, first, upon the consumption of food out of which he manufactures, digests, and forcibly distributes combustible fuel; second, upon respiration, by which the air gets access to the lungs, and into the vital tissues; third, upon the influence of the nervous system, which presides over the combustion of the blood, regulating the supply of fuel, the access of air, and their chemical combination. But we may explain this in a more homely, by controlling the supply of fuel and the supply of air.

Understanding then the three great causes of calorification, we may regulate our calorific powers as we please, to suit the climate or the condition of health. If we occupy a cold climate, and live on highly calorific principles, we must use that concentrated form of nourishment which will give us the richest and most stout. And, thirdly, we must lead an active and out-door life, which will give us the most extensive respiration; we should engage in exercises or undertakings with a zeal, energy, passion and interest, which will bring out the greatest energies of the nervous system. On the other hand, if we are to shape ourselves to a warm season or climate, and to a less quantity of consumption of food, less nutritious and stimulating in its character, and avoid all violent or intemperate excitement.

Our power of adaptation to a warm climate depends, not entirely upon the suspension of respiration, but upon an actually cooling process. The human body has a system of perspiration, by which it can resist a temperature higher than that of boiling water. This refrigeration is effected by a constant evaporation of water from the skin and lungs; hence, whenever we become uncomfortably warm, the skin appears to be a large quantity of water, evaporation commences, and a large quantity of heat is carried off by converting the water into vapor, which removes the heat in a latent state. Hence, perspiration also has a power according with the state adapted to resist the heats of Summer, in which respect the Negro race are decidedly superior to the Caucasian—their skin having a more copious secretion; it is also affirmed that the dusky color of the Negro's skin enables it to cool with a greater facility, as calorific radiates more freely from dark than light colored substances. Even persons with a dark ruddy perspiring skin are better adapted to hot climates. The color of the skin gives an additional advantage in retaining moisture, as the solar light is much more irritating to the skin when passing through a white medium than through a dark substance. The white skin would, therefore, be more heated and irritated by the sun, when the black skin might be supposed to perspire freely.

As warm climates thus produce an increased action of the skin, and a diminished calorification, they are considered to be unfavorable to nerve the lungs, and hence concomitant pulmonary diseases, while they naturally impair the calorific energy of the constitution. The calorific power, like all other vital powers, is exerted when kept long inactive, and becomes persistently deficient; hence, persons accustomed to a tropical climate are unfitted to encounter the Northern Winter. And for the same reason, a good day in the midst of Summer proves a chilly, unpleasant feeling, although a day of the same temperature in the month of January would have felt oppressively warm.

The debilitating effects of a Southern climate in impairing the calorific energy of the constitution, may be effectually overcome by abstaining in a Southern Summer with a cold Winter after. The Southern Summer is not warmer than the hottest portion of a Northern Summer, but the effect is more debilitating, because it is more prolonged, and because the succeeding Winter is not sufficiently cold to restore fully the calorific energy of the people. The influence of hot climates is more oppressive and destructive in proportion as they favor or prevent the means of refrigerating process. When the atmosphere is sufficiently dry to favor a rapid evaporation from the skin and lungs, we may endure a heat above the temperature of our own bodies with impunity; and for a short time we may endure any temperature which is not so high as to burn or scald the surface. It was not supposed by scientific men that the human body could bear a temperature much higher than 212 degrees, until Tillet and Duhamel reported the circumstances of the baker's girls of Rochefoucault going into an oven at 378 deg., and remaining for twelve minutes, which was considered at the time almost incredible. But the workmen of the sculptor Chantrey were accustomed to entering an oven with red hot flues, where the temperature of the air was as high as 350 degrees. Drs. Fordyce and Blagden entered an apartment in which the thermometer stood at 220 degrees, the heat of the room being sufficient to boil water and to cook beef-steak and eggs. The exhibitor Chabert was said to enter an oven when the temperature was as high as 400 or 500 degrees. In these cases, the power of entering such a temperature for a short time depended upon the dryness of the atmosphere, and a copious evaporation from the skin. Had the air in these ovens or apartments been saturated with moisture, so as to prevent any evaporation, the persons who entered them would have been scalded by the heat, and would have been rendered unable to endure it. For the same reason, hot and dry climates are borne with comparative impunity, and Cook, Bligh, and other navigators of the vigor and longevity of the inhabitants of the coast of Zahara, the Sahara of Africa, and unwilling climate. But when heat is combined with moisture, the resisting powers of the constitution are overcome, and the natural composition of the body being impeded, we have our principles of life destroyed, because the life of secretions and transpiration are checked.

The power of resistance to heat depends also upon a certain healthiness, or lack of sensibility. Ricketand describes the case of a young man who repeatedly performed in the public halls and the ovens of his fast, boiling oil, until they reached a temperature of 300 deg. He also touched red hot iron, and applied a red hot spatula to his tongue and palate, which, on one occasion, produced a blister on the latter, until it was off a portion of the epidermis. The sensibility of the skin may be considerably reduced by the application of astringents, and also by the effects of evaporation, by the sudden cooling of the surface by labor. Negroes accustomed to hard manual labor, feel the heat less than those who have soft hands, and hold it for a few moments, shifting its position.

Our power of application to cold stimulus is no less remarkable than the resistance to heat. In the coldest days of the severest winters of the North Pole, the thermometer was frequently as low as 65 or 66 degrees below zero. Captain Back ventured to go to the 70th degree of cold. Dr. Richardson, in Arctic explorations, we must generally use an atmosphere saturated in such a degree with moisture, as to prevent the cold from killing. Every minute we are required to elevate at least 200 degrees of heat from the lungs, and nature of the surrounding atmosphere to that of our own bodies.

To adapt the constitution to a cold climate, it is necessary, not merely that we should adopt a certain diet, and an active mode of life, but it is necessary to understand that our adaptation to such a climate depends upon the healthy development and stability of our calorific powers. To develop these powers, and give them stability and permanency, the system must be strengthened and exercised. The exercise of our calorific powers is just as essential to the healthy and vigorous development as the exercise of the legs to qualify us for locomotion.

I speak now, not merely to those who expect to encounter a severe Winter. I propose to lay down rules of a far more general nature, as to the maintenance of vigorous health. The degree of cold which we have to meet depends on our own constitution. The general testimony of sailors proves that the cold is more intense during cold climates, and consequently possessing high calorific energies, have excelled those of inferior energies, in the power of cleansing and vital stamina. Our own experience every year teaches the same thing. The most vigorous are the hardiest in the brain of Summer, but revive in the cool temperature of Autumn, and the bracing cold winds of Winter. How signal the contrast between the hardy hunters from the mountains of Northern Africa, Southern Italy, and Switzerland, and the effeminate, who, living in spirituous oppression under the influence of their scorching or sultry Southern breezes—Gale Encyclopedia.

What causes the general difference of the tropical and the temperate zones? Why is it not manifold hangover of those who inhale the exquisite perfume of the tropical inflorescence? Why also face the Hyperborean blast? What but the difference which they produce in the rate of respiration? Why is it that the Negro, with the energy of the eclectic functions, which enable him to inhale the free air of the sun to his breath, but which die out beneath the fires of a tropical sun?

Heat only is this necessary to vital force and efficiency; it is still more necessary to the conservation of vigorous health. A large, very large proportion of the diseases of our climate are caused by the impression of cold upon the surface of the body, and the consequent suppression of perspiration, fevers, disorders of the lungs, bowels, and other internal organs, are the consequence of that simple cause—the application of external cold. Why is it that the Esquimaux are exempt from consumption? Far from it. In legitimate inference from the fact, that the Esquimaux are the most healthy and well-managed constitution, he is the most opposite of cold, and the most unwilling to the nervous system—diminishes excessive and morbid sensibility—lessens the quantity of food which it demands—increases the circulation—increases the calorific powers of the body, and we imagine that the Esquimaux living after the existing cause has been removed, will be found to be the most healthy, and the most bearing stimulus, be so frequently a cause of disease? Simply because the constitutions in the habit of using the debilitating stimulus, are unable, and cannot display a healthy re-action, and support it naturally. Let the same people live together and well-managed constitution, in the free air of the sun, and they will be found to be